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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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JUNE, 1819.  
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*MRS. ELIZABETH INCHBALD.*

**T**HERE cannot be a greater pleasure than tracing the progress of those few and extraordinary individuals who, by the dint of a strong mind and great application, raise themselves from obscurity and want to eminence and independence. Many attract public notice, but it is rare to find a personage possessed of such intellectual endowments as the lady whose Memoir and Portrait we now present to our readers. Great and transcendent as the abilities of an actor must be, they are inferior to those required of an author. Mrs. Inchbald has appeared in both capacities; and though she did not excell as an actress, she is one of the first dramatists of the present age. From the first, she displayed uncommon energy and fortitude in the dangers and difficulties to which she exposed herself; perhaps there is hardly such another instance on record; few can hope to make such an experiment, and escape not only untainted, but purified and improved. The adventures and eccentricities of this lady cannot be proposed for imitation; they can only serve to shew how much may be achieved by industry and perseverance; and as an example of fortitude in resisting the dangers, and enduring the ills of life.

Mrs. Elizabeth Inchbald is the daughter of Mr. Simpson, a farmer, and was born at Stanningfield, five miles from Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, in the year 1756; she was very young, when her father died; and there is reason to believe, that his family was not left in affluent circumstances, and that Miss Simpson was more indebted to her own application for the knowledge she acquired, than to the instruction she received. Her biographers have followed one another in what we apprehend to be a great mistake; they state that she has an impediment in her speech which prevented her entering into society in early life, and made her prefer retirement and books; but how can we reconcile this account with that of her being many years an actress; for admitting that she was not possessed of every requisite for that profession, the impediment spoken of must be a very slight one to have been tolerated by a London audience; and could not be so great as to disqualify her for conversation, or render society unpleasant to her. It is more probable that she was disgusted with those who surrounded her, and became attached to retirement and reading, as a refuge from the wearisomeness and insignificance of their characters and conversation.

In this conclusion, we are confirmed by the circumstance of her having left her home, at the age of seventeen, without consulting, or informing any one of her intention; for who can rationally suppose, that the mere desire of visiting the metropolis to see the world, as is said, would have tempted a young and handsome female to such a rash and inconsiderate step, completely unprovided, unprotected, and inexperienced, as she was, if she had been attached to those with whom she was living; from the straits and shifts to which she was driven, and the complete state of destitution in which she was left, she could have no correspondence with her own family; and so great a breach could hardly happen from merely leaving them to visit the metropolis in opposition to their advice.

Be this as it may, she came to town in the spirit of adventure; she had no lover to seduce her from home; and,

as the friend whom she intended to consult was gone from her residence into the country, had to rely entirely on her own resources. In this dilemma, she endured many hardships; and was obliged to resort to many schemes, that shewed a mind fertile in expedients, and of great energy. In the temporary residences she made choice of, she behaved with candour and ingenuousness, but was at one time so much reduced, that, to avoid the lowest degradation, she subsisted ten days upon a penny loaf and water.

From this extreme distress, she was relieved by an actor, who had casually met her, and first gave her thoughts of the stage. As she possessed nearly all the requisites of person, beauty, and speech, she applied to the manager of the Drury-lane theatre, who could not at that time comply with her request, but did not discourage her from making the attempt.

Miss Simpson encountered some difficulties in her attempts to appear, and obtain an engagement, and was, on more than one occasion, exposed to the licentious proposals of several profligate men, in the face of one of whom, she threw a bason-full of scalding water; and relinquished an engagement to perform at his country theatre! She had been introduced to this gentleman by Mr. Inchbald, whom she had known at Bury St. Edmund's; and related the affair to him. He was so well pleased with her conduct, that he made her an offer of marriage; and was accepted. They were soon after engaged to perform at the Edinburgh theatre; where she must have evinced considerable talent, or she could never have sustained the principal characters for four years before such an audience, from the age of eighteen to twenty-two. Just prior to her leaving this theatre, Mrs. Inchbald met with a rival in the celebrated Mrs. Yates, and being rendered uncomfortable by the ill treatment of this lady, she left Edinburgh, and was engaged at the York theatre.

In her domestic character, Mrs. Inchbald was rather unhappy; she had married from gratitude rather than inclination; and though her husband was most affectionate,

and ever studious to please her, he never could win her regard, and his attentions were received with a civility that bordered on coldness and indifference.

Some of her biographers assert, that she once felt a preference for another; divulged the secret to her husband; expressed a desire to quit the place; and as her health had suffered in the conflict between passion and duty, he indulgently complied with her wishes; and they departed for the South of France, where they remained a twelve-month. But these are delicate subjects; we give them as they are handed to us, but will not vouch for their authenticity. One respectable publication seems to give a colour to them by adverting to them with great delicacy. One thing, however, is certain, that Mr. Inchbald never doubted his wife's fidelity.

On the death of her husband, which occurred at Leeds in 1779, she testified as much respect for his memory, as if he had been the object of her choice. She afterwards came to London; and made her first appearance at the Covent-Garden theatre in the play of Philaster, on the 5th October, 1780. Mrs. Inchbald endured many inconveniences in following the profession of an actress; she performed four seasons at the Covent-Garden theatre, but suffered much from vexation and ill-treatment. She then went to the Dublin theatre, in a minor situation; and returned again to the Covent-Garden theatre; where she continued some years; but at length suddenly relinquished her engagement; and lived a long time in London in indigence.

Mrs. Inchbald was unfitted for an actress by the slight impediment we have spoken of; therefore could never expect to rank very high in the profession, however otherwise gifted, and at length gave up all further thoughts of the stage without reluctance. It is but justice to add, that, during the whole of her theatrical career, she maintained an unblemished reputation; "that the incidents of her life," as a respectable biographer has said, "though they have been made the subject of much conversation in the gay world, could never expose her to the censure of even



the most serious and severe; that the worthy part of both sexes, who were honoured with her acquaintance, highly esteemed her worth. Her acquaintance with Mrs. Siddons and Lady Derby more particularly strengthened into friendship; and Mrs. Inchbald left behind her a character that may stand in opposition to the prejudices of such as think, that an actress cannot be a virtuous woman. Nothing argues greater illiberality and littleness of intellect than such general conclusions;" "there are to be found, among those who have devoted themselves to the theatrical life, many persons of the most exemplary conduct. Of the conduct of Mrs. Inchbald, as a woman of honour, even amidst all the gaiety of youth, and the powerful influence of a most fascinating person, there is but one opinion."


While Mrs. Inchbald was on the stage, with a salary in general small, she led a precarious and unhappy life, never remaining long at one theatre, and subject to the caprice, and sometimes ill-usage, of a manager, or a principal performer, till at last she quitted it in disgust. This, as it happened, was a fortunate event; she lived some time in obscurity and want; but it called forth the native energy of her mind; and she became eminently successful as a dramatic author.

The first piece Mrs. Inchbald wrote was *I'll tell you What*; which she offered to Mr. Coleman; but, like many others from persons unknown, it was laid on the shelf, and neglected, till the success of *The Mogul Tale*, or *The Descent of the Balloon*, induced him to read it. This comedy was immediately acted, and met with the most flattering reception.

From this time, she emerged from an obscure and humble dwelling to one better suited to her circumstances; her reputation as a dramatist was now established; she had no longer to fear the rejection of her pieces; and the strict economy she had always observed, was no longer necessary.

Mrs. Inchbald has produced numerous plays; and they have all been favourably received; her literary perfor-

mances are, however, not entirely confined to the drama, and besides comedies, farces, and six translations, or imitations, of comedies and after-pieces from other languages, she has produced two excellent novels, *The Simple Story*, and *Nature and Art*. Mrs. Inchbald's comedies are properly called genteel and serious; and her after-pieces, as they never descend to buffoonery, come under the same denomination. As our limits will not admit of examining the merits of each piece separately, we shall only attempt to give a summary opinion of them. The plots of her pieces seldom transgress the rules of the drama; the incidents are in general probable; and the interest is well kept up; the characters are in nature, and, for the most part, well preserved; the style is correct and perspicuous; the sentiments are neither far-fetched nor overwrought; the dialogue is often enlivened by satirical wit and humour, without any of the grossness or indelicacy so prevalent in many of our best comedies, and interspersed with the serious; and the story on which each is founded is usually interesting, because it exhibits scenes of real life.

With the following list of her numerous publications, we close our Memoir. The consideration of so active and useful a life, as far as we have been able to collect, and detail the particulars, cannot fail to benefit those who will be careful to avail themselves of the best part of her example, without imitating the improprieties of her conduct; for that her outset in life was extremely dangerous and improper, no one can deny. It is true, Mrs. Inchbald had sufficient strength of mind to resist the temptations to which she was exposed, and sufficient ability to surmount the difficulties she encountered; but these are qualities that fall to the lot of few. 

*Appearance is against Them*, a farce, 8vo. 1786.

*I'll Tell you What*, a comedy, 8vo. 1786.

*The Widow's Vow*, a farce, 8vo. 1786.

*The Child of Nature*, a dramatic piece, 8vo. 1788.

- The Midnight Hour, a comedy, 8vo. 1788.  
Such Things Are, a play, 8vo. 1788.  
The Married Man, a comedy, 8vo. 1789.  
Next Door Neighbour, a comedy, 8vo. 1791.  
A Simple Story, a novel, in 4 vols. 12mo. 1791.  
Every One has his Fault, a comedy, 8vo. 1793.  
The Wedding Day, a comedy, 8vo. 1794.  
Nature and Art, a novel, 2 vols. 12mo. 1796.  
Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are, 8vo. 1797.  
Lover's Vows, a play, 8vo. 1798.  
Wise Man of the East, 8vo. 1799.  
To Marry, or Not to Marry, a comedy, 8vo. 1805.  
A Farce on the subject of Madan's Thelyphthora.  
A Mogul Tale, a farce.  
Animal Magnetism.

Mrs. Inchbald was also employed in editing the British Theatre, a collection of plays acted at the theatres-royal, with biographical and critical remarks, 25 vols. 12mo. 1806-1809; also a Collection of Farces and other after-pieces, in 7 vols. 12mo. 18mo.; and the Modern Theatre, in 10 vols. 1809.

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#### LORD BURLEIGH.

LORD BURLEIGH's conduct as a judge seems to have been very praise-worthy and exemplary, and might be imitated by some of our present courts of justice. "He would never," says his biographer, "suffer lawyers to digresse, or wrangle in pleadinge; advising counsellors to deale truely and wisely with their clients, that if the matter were nought, to tell them so, and not to sooth them; and where he found such a lawyer, he would never think him honeste, nor recomende him to anie preferments, as not fit to be a judge, that would give false counsel."

VIEWS OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.

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*No. II.*

I WAS ruminating this morning on a proper subject for this number, when Mr. Eavesdrop, a gentleman with whom I was formerly acquainted, but whom I have not seen for a long time, called upon me. I soon found that I was indebted to my paper for this civility on the part of my old acquaintance. "So, Mr. Candid," cried he, as soon as he was seated, "I find that you are determined to take your revenge upon the world; and, egad! I think you are very right." I enquired what he meant, "Nay, nonsense," cried he, "what's the use of making a secret of what every body will soon know; it is understood that you are about to publish a satirical paper, and that you will lash without mercy all those who have ever offended you." "And pray," said I, "by whom is this understood?" "By whom!" replied he, "why by all who knew you." "Then, sir, pray inform all who know me, that they are mistaken; and that I have no such idea; my paper shall never be prostituted to the purposes of malignity.

Notwithstanding this positive declaration, and my well known regard for truth, Eavesdrop did not believe me. He sifted me in every possible way to find out the object of my work, and I was at last obliged to tell him plainly, that I had no more time at that moment to throw away, before I could get rid of him.

As I sat, after his departure, thinking of the singularity of his character, it struck me that the scrapes into which his ruling passion had plunged him, would furnish a subject for my paper; nor need I fear being called to an account for scandal, since Ned's mishaps are pretty notorious. He belongs to the class of male gossips, and has such an insatiable desire to pry into the affairs of others,



that I verily believe he scarcely allows himself time to eat or sleep, whenever he has a prospect of picking up any secret intelligence. This appetite for scandal, Ned inherits from his mother, Miss Patty Pry; a lady who, during several years, exercised, with unremitting vigilance, the office of Censor general of the town in which she resided. Miss Pry was looked upon as a determined member of the sisterhood of old maids; and so she probably would have been, but for the circumstance I am about to relate.

During seven years, Counsellor Eavesdrop, a barrister of considerable eminence, had paid his addresses to Miss Pry unsuccessfully; at last, to the surprise of all her acquaintance, she consented to marry him. The reason was this—a lady of high rank had employed Counsellor Eavesdrop to obtain for her a manuscript which was in the hands of a bookseller well known in those days for publishing works of a scandalous nature; he had intimated to the lady that this manuscript would discover certain secrets of which she was very tenacious; and the Counsellor had orders to leave no means untried to get it out of his hands. He succeeded; but at the moment of his doing so, the lady was seized with an alarming illness, of which she soon afterwards died, and the work remained in the Counsellor's possession. By some means or other, Miss Pry was informed of this transaction, and she expressed a great desire to read the work. The Counsellor acted on the occasion like a conscientious lawyer; he assured the lady, that he owed it to his own honour to keep inviolate the secrets of his deceased client, for which reason, it was impossible for him to oblige her with a sight of the work; a circumstance he deeply regretted, as it certainly contained some very curious information. Had she been his wife, indeed, he would have had no scruple in letting her see it, because, as a part of himself, she would then have a legal right to peruse it.

Miss Pry replied, that she had by no means determined against him; that he must consider that suits in the court of Cupid were sometimes as tedious as those in Chan-

cery, and that certainly, if he wished to propitiate his judge, a sight of the precious manuscript would do more than all his pleadings. The Counsellor was too cunning to be so easily entrapped; he declared that his conscience would not suffer him to gain his cause by so base a means as bribery. Miss Pry's curiosity was inflamed to the highest pitch; and she gave him her hand, on the express condition that the manuscript should be delivered to her as soon as the marriage ceremony was performed; and she actually remained shut up in her own apartment for seven hours to read it. The poor Counsellor, however, soon had reason to repent of having gained his cause; for the manuscript in question detailed only a series of facts of which the public were already in possession, and as Mrs. Eavesdrop declared, that she had been actually cheated into the match, she determined to take the only revenge in her power, by teasing the Counsellor incessantly, which she did, till the birth of a son. Three days after which event, she departed this life, in consequence of eating some Dutch herrings, a present of which she received from a friend, with an assurance that they were the finest in the world. Mrs. Eavesdrop had never tasted any, and her curiosity was so great, that all the remonstrances of those about her could not prevent her from gratifying it; she ate a quarter of one; and, in three hours afterwards, fell a sacrifice to the gratification of her ruling passion.

As Ned inherited in its utmost extent his mother's foible, it exposed him in his childhood to many mishaps. Innumerable were the flagellations bestowed upon him at home; and disgrace and avoidance always attended him abroad. Before he was twelve years old, he was as well known to all his father's friends by the appellations of prying puppy, and inquisitive little rascal, as by his own name; nor was there a transaction in the neighbourhood, however minute, of which he had not the earliest intelligence.

When he was about twenty, his thirst of information

gained the honour of being reputed the father of a fine boy; and appearances were so strong against him, that all his protestations of innocence were disregarded. The mother of the child was the servant of a lady in the neighbourhood, whom Ned knew carried on a clandestine correspondence with a friend of his; and he had bribed the girl to give him all the intelligence she could about the business; in consequence, they frequently met; and he was often seen hovering about her mistress's door to gain a sight of her. After some time, she absconded; and the first intelligence her friends received of her, was, that she had just lain-in of a fine boy. The girl, most probably, had no design of laying the bantling to Ned; but on hearing that her mistress affirmed that it was certainly his, she took the hint, and he was dubbed a papa in spite of all the pains he took to resign the honour to some one more deserving of it.

Shortly after this affair, as Ned was walking one evening, he saw a young lady whom he thought he knew, who was much muffled up, enter a mean looking house. He directly went into a chandler's shop, which was nearly opposite; but as he could gain no intelligence there, except that it was inhabited by different families, he resolved to try whether he could not gratify his curiosity by entering it without ceremony. He accordingly did so; and, on opening the door of the first apartment he came to, he discovered an elegantly dressed young man at the feet of the lady, who proved to be the person he suspected. Ned apologized for his intrusion, and walked away; but he waited at the door till they separated, when he dogged the gentleman in order to discover who he was. The stranger perceived that he was watched, and addressed Eavesdrop in language which he was obliged, as a man of spirit, to resent; a duel ensued, and Eavesdrop received a ball in his side, by which he was confined for some months to his room.

Ned was a long time after this affair before he got again into a serious scrape; but, unfortunately for him,

a widow lady and her daughter took the house opposite to his ; they continued to live for some time in a very private manner ; the girl was pretty ; and both the ladies had the air of people of some rank ; but he observed, that they had no visitors whatever, and rarely went out. As they lived in a genteel style, the mystery which surrounded them was quite enough to inflame Ned's curiosity ; and he watched them during three months without discovering any thing. At last, when he was just beginning to despair, he saw from his window a very fine looking young man get out of a chariot, and hastily enter the house ; in a moment, he was in the drawing-room, and the young lady, starting from a sofa on his entrance, flew into his arms. They then talked with great earnestness and much emotion. The gentleman staid half an hour, and then went away, first embracing the lady very tenderly at parting. During the remainder of that day, and for several others, Ned never quitted his post at the window ; but he watched in vain ; he saw no more of the gentleman. At last the demon of curiosity put it into his head, that the supposed gallant might be admitted through the garden. During two evenings, he promenaded past it without making any discovery, but on the third, he found the gate open, and fancying that he heard voices in a summer-house which stood near it, he ventured to approach. He found that he had been mistaken ; the door was half closed, and the young lady was seated alone in the summer-house ; she appeared to be asleep, and at her feet lay an open letter.

Ned has often acknowledged since, that for the soul of him he could not resist the temptation ; he stole in on tip-toe, and stooped to seize the letter in the delicious hope, that at last his curiosity would be gratified. Just as he was about to grasp his prize, he was suddenly knocked down, and, in spite of his cries for mercy, and declarations that he was a gentleman, he was pummelled soundly, and then handed over to two stout footmen, to undergo the discipline of a pumping, which they inflicted till they had nearly drowned him. However, he gained some intelli-



gence by this adventure, though it must be owned, that he bought it pretty dear; for when the footmen were turning him out, one of them told him, he ought to thank the clemency of Don Alvar de Padilla, for suffering him to escape with so slight a punishment, after detecting him in the act of attempting to insult his wife. It then, for the first time, occurred to Ned, that his posture might have suggested the idea that he was stooping to embrace the lady. An intention which, he solemnly protested, he was entirely innocent of, for he vowed, that, if Venus herself had been there, he should not have bestowed a thought upon her, till he had seen the letter.

This adventure nearly cost Ned his life, and was besides of the greatest detriment to his character; for a story was circulated, and generally believed, that he had actually attempted to offer violence to Miss Melville, which was the name the lady went by; but her piercing screams bringing Don Alvar to her assistance, he was happily prevented from executing his design, and treated as he deserved. As soon as Ned was able to leave the room, after the discipline of the pumping, he enquired after the Spaniard, from whom he meant to demand satisfaction; but he found that Don Alvar had quitted England with Miss Melville, to whom he had for some time been secretly married; and as Eavesdrop did not think it advisable to pursue him to Spain, he was obliged to let the matter drop.

Will any body after this talk of the curiosity of Eve's fair daughters? Which of them can we put in competition with Eavesdrop? Nevertheless, there is nobody more ready than he is to censure idle curiosity; I have heard him declaim for an hour against the folly of inquisitiveness, and protest, that he wondered why people could not find enough to do in looking after their own affairs. Although, heaven knows! that his own affairs are the last things that he troubles himself about. Perhaps, in some future Number, I may relate a few more of his adventures, for the scrapes into which his curiosity has drawn him, would furnish some volumes.

C. C.

## THE BATTUECAS;

A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

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TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

*(Continued from page 249.)*

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THIS explanation satisfied Placid: he read the letter, and joyfully renounced his project of going to Madrid; he fixed his thoughts on returning to his happy valley. Nevertheless, he promised to remain with the old man, whilst he was thus wholly forsaken. He ventured to ask several questions about Donna Bianca; but the old man could not satisfy any of them. Having had a paralytic affection seven years ago, and always living in solitude, he had no more than a few names, and the ideas of some public events, in his head; he was become a stranger to all private interests, and to whatever was not passing in his castle. Placid gained his entire confidence, and became master of the castle; his first act of authority was to shut all the doors, and afterwards help the young twins to prepare supper, which, though not according to the rules of hospitality, was found excellent by all present. After supper, the two sisters played a little music; and Placid, taking the lute in his turn, delighted the old man and his grand-children, by singing and accompanying himself. The old man found in the talents of this stranger, a further motive for confiding in him without reserve; music is not a deceitful language, when its delightful melody, by turns religious, stately, and affecting, expresses the noble ejaculations of a feeling and energetic soul.

At ten o'clock, the old man ordered his grand-daughters to go to bed, adding, that he should put himself under the protection of the stranger; the twins, according to the respectable custom invariably observed in Spain, knelt before the bed of their grandfather, and begged his blessing. Placid knelt down behind them, and was penetrated with veneration, when he contemplated this old man of eighty, whose eyes, full of tears, seemed to reveal a presentiment and foresight of the troubles that the future reserved for the youth of his children; and whose wishes, founded on the experience of near an age, were doubtless opposed to all the vain desires of ambition and vanity. After having bestowed his blessing on the twins, Placid bent to the earth to receive it from him, and the old man addressing him, said, And you also, young and generous stranger, I bless you! you, the protector of youth and age, I bless you! I see the impress of melancholy upon your noble and mild countenance; you have loved and suffered! O God! continued he, raising his eyes to heaven, deign to watch over this young man, that, in the midst of cruel discord, and impious rage, produced by the horrible demon of war, the angel of peace may guide and snatch him from every danger! that he may meet again the objects that are dear to him, and that his life may glide away in innocence, in the bosom of a beloved family, and of faithful and grateful friendship.

Placid, on his knees, listened to this prayer with feeling and respect; and afterwards kissed the old man's hand. O! my father! said he, heaven will hear the prayer that comes from the heart; to me, it is the announcement of a happy future; I yield to this hope, since it is founded upon my veneration for you.

Placid passed the night in his clothes, and slept upon a canopy bed in the old man's chamber. At break of day, he was awaked by a frightful noise; a violent knocking at the doors of the castle. The old man and Placid believed it to be an attack from some corps of the enemy's troops. Placid advised the young people to conceal themselves,

afterwards to open the doors quietly, and give the soldiers what they asked for. I will remain by you, continued he; and if they are so ferocious as to threaten you, I will defend you to the last drop of my blood. O! my only friend, said the old man, arm yourself at least; take from this closet a sabre, which formerly served me in battle. Placid obeyed. It would fill me with horror, said he, to plunge this steel into the breast of a human being; but I have strength to throw the poltroon to the ground, who should have the cruelty to attempt your life. As he pronounced these words, the twins, also awaked by the noise, entered the chamber, and dissipated every fear; saying, that, having listened at their window which fronted the court, they had heard the voices of their domestics, and were even called. Placid immediately went down stairs, opened the doors, and several domestics entered, related that the enemy's troops had taken another direction, and that there was nothing more to fear. Then Placid would have taken leave of his venerable host; but, at his earnest entreaty, he consented to remain the day and following night. The next morning early, after having received the affectionate farewell of the old man and his grand-daughters, he departed with a domestic, who was commanded to direct him to the high road which led to Salamanca. In an hour, he separated from his guide, who assured him, that, if he carefully pursued the road which he had pointed out to him, he could not miss his way. Placid walked three-quarters of an hour alone, when he heard at a distance the sound of a bell, which had something slow and mournful in it that astonished him; it seemed to him as if this bell were rung by a feeble hand which called for help! He directed his steps to the side from whence the sound proceeded; and, going far into a wood, he soon perceived a church, against which was built a parsonage-house. He ran towards the church, and when within two paces of the portal, he shuddering stopt! At his feet, he saw, in a half-opened grave, a headless corpse, dressed in ecclesiastical clothes. The bell was still ringing, but faintly. Placid



rushed into the church; the doors of which had been burst open; in the choir, he finds a young priest, pale, his hair dishevelled, and clothes covered with blood; in his hands he held a bell-rope, which he had no longer strength to pull. Placid raised him up, sat down, and supported him in his arms; he drew from his pocket a flaggon of excellent wine, and made him swallow a few drops; he questioned him compassionately, and learnt that a licentious soldiery had plundered the parsonage and church the preceding evening. The vicar of this isolated parish dying, continued the young ecclesiastic, I would neither abandon our church, nor our respectable rector; instead of flying, we came here to defend to the last our sacred vases! We expected death upon the steps of the altar, and here we wished to expire. The soldiers, after having sacked the parsonage, broke open these doors, and demanded with horrible threats, the keys of the church treasure. Upon our positive refusal, a ruffian, with one sabre-stroke, cut off the head of our holy pastor, and another plunged his sword into my side; I fainted. On recovering my senses at break of day, I found myself alone in this desolate edifice; my blood no longer flowed; the coldness of the marble had doubtless checked it. I tied my handkerchief o'er the wound, and prayed God to give me strength to pay the last duties to this virtuous minister, who has devoted himself, like a victim, at the altar on which he every day, for half a century, offered the divine sacrifice of the the God of peace and love, immolating himself for us! I brought the mortal remains of this venerable man to the entrance of the church, not being able to go any further; and with a halberd, which the soldiers had left, I dug his grave, and deposited his body in it. Afterwards my strength failed. Then I crawled towards the steeple, hoping that the sound of the bell might attract some pious person to come to my assistance. Heaven has heard my prayer! The sight of you and your compassion re-animates the feeble remains of my existence!—O! height of rage and impiety! cried Placid. How can they be Chris-

tians who have committed such an unheard-of crime?— Friend, resumed the priest, curse them not! You are here in the sacred asylum of infinite mercy! Here all pollution is effaced; here blessings and pardons are pronounced. But let us make haste. Come, and help me to close the grave of a martyr! At these words, the young man, making a powerful effort, raised himself, and stood upon his trembling legs. Placid supported him in his arms; or, rather, carried him to the grave, upon the edge of which he placed him; and seizing the halberd which the vicar had used to dig the earth, Placid said, I will purify this murderous weapon, by employing it to consummate this good work.

When the grave was completely dug and covered, Placid took the young vicar upon his shoulders; and carried him to the parsonage. An old servant, who had concealed herself during the pillage, had just entered; Placid placed the young vicar under her care, and went away from this sad place, with prayers and blessings bestowed on him. He was so affected, that he could not again find his way. After wandering a long time, he beheld at a little distance a neat town, agreeably situated on a fertile soil. He determined to go thither to obtain information concerning his road. At this moment, the sun shone brilliantly; it illumined a pure and serene sky, and delightful country. In proportion as Placid approached the town, his dejected soul was reanimated, and again open to the most pleasing impressions! A light zephyr brought him the delicious perfume of orange-trees, placed in stone-niches, with which, according to the custom of this beautiful country, the streets of all the towns are filled. Placid already heard the warbling of birds, collected in thousands, on these charming shrubs. He enters the town, his eyes were directed to the walls, decked with odoriferous flowers; he had never seen such a profusion; he had never lit on such a multitude of birds, with dazzling plumage, making the air at once resound with such melodious songs of love! Placid, who was walking slowly

to admire this enchanting sight, was soon checked by something that struck against his feet: he looks, and sees two corpses, extended on the ground, which blocked up the way. He casts his eyes along the street, and discovers, with inexpressible terror, that the pavement is entirely strewn with dead bodies. He distinguishes in this general massacre, heaps of bleeding bodies of young girls, old men, and children. The horror of this hideous picture was increased by the astonishing contrast produced on his mind from the serenity of the sky, the perfume of the orange-trees, the lustre of their flowers and fruits, their brilliant foliage, and the joyful song of the nightingale! But besides, the profound silence of death reigned in this unfortunate town, which had been taken by assault! In the midst of all the recent marks of the most frightful destruction, not a sigh was heard, no infant had survived its parents, no mother was shedding tears over the fate of her children, murdered in the cradle! Within these walls, one and the same hour had annihilated all the projects, and all the hopes, and equalised all the differences of fortune, and all ages of life!—All had perished!—Placid, petrified, leaned against a post; and remained there more than a quarter of an hour, unable to move. At last, his violent indignation and heart-rending pity had so strong an effect upon his feelings, that by degrees they restored him to himself; and he abruptly returned the same way he came, shedding scalding tears, and exclaiming, No; there is no happiness on earth for any being who is not as savage as a ferocious beast, and has seen such a sight. Saying these words, he takes at random the first path which is in his way; he has but one idea, that of removing from this theatre of horror! Bewildered, he wanders undesignedly round the town, from which he wishes to fly; but every path leads him back to it again, in spite of himself. He cannot get away from it! Good God! said he, some fatality seems to enchain me to this wretched spot! Ah! I had no occasion to see it so often to prevent my losing the frightful remembrance of it! At this instant Placid turned his head

to the right; and, three hundred paces from him, saw a house, standing by itself, on fire; he at the same time perceived at a great distance from him, a company of soldiers, who, in passing, had just set fire to this habitation. Placid flies towards the house;—stops there,—and distinctly hears lamentable shrieks!—A living being here, cries he with transport; ah! let me, if possible, save him!—At these words, he hurries into the house; and, passing through the flames, he enters a hall, where he sees a woman thrown down upon the floor; a part of the ceiling, in falling upon her, had mortally wounded her; a little girl, sixteen or seventeen months old, laid upon her breast, was weeping, and caressing her—this unhappy woman, at the moment Placid appeared, said, in a feeble voice, O! my child! and expired.—Placid seizes the child, who struggles, crying, Mama! mama!—He carries it away, preserving it from the flames with his hands and hat; and hurries out of this fatal house with his hair and clothes half-burnt.—He thanks heaven in raptures, pressing the innocent little creature, whom he had just saved, to his heart, and who had received no injury. He then considers attentively which way to go, in order to take a different road from that which he saw the incendiary soldiers pursue. He directs himself towards a meadow, lined with pear and pomegranate trees. He gathers fruit; and gives the infant, who eats it with avidity; afterwards he resumes his journey, placing his reliance on Providence.

(To be continued.)

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#### HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

THIS prince, on his marriage with Mary of Medicis, placed Madame de Guecheville (whose virtue he had attempted to seduce without effect) about her person; giving a reason, that as she really was a lady of honour, she ought to be *dame d'honneur* to a queen.



## ANNALS OF FEMALE FASHION;

IN WHICH

EVERY ANCIENT AND MODERN MODE

IS CAREFULLY TRACED FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE  
BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

*(Continued from page 264.)*

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BEFORE the English sceptre was swayed by William of Normandy, we find that silk had been used in Britain; but it was considered as too rare and precious to be worn by any but the royal family, and its use was confined solely to them. The Gauls, among whom the progress of civilization had been more rapid than any other nation, and who seem, from the time they threw off the mantles of lions and bears' skins, in which they used to perambulate their woods, to have evinced more quickness of invention in all that regards dress, than all the rest of Europe put together, first imported silk from the East, and in a little time brought it to far greater perfection than its original fabricators; nor was this all, they soon manufactured various kinds of this costly material, of descriptions hitherto unknown, and which they had the sole merit of inventing.

The first silk ever seen in England was of a heavy texture, and from the accounts which we have of it, it must have resembled that sort afterwards known by the name of brocade; but in a short time after William the Conqueror ascended the throne of England, sarcenet, which was first imported from Tartary into France, was made there in great perfection, and might be said to be the parent from whence several other sorts of silk sprang.

The first of these was a rich and substantial silk, not

so heavy as that formerly in use, and of a peculiarly glossy and beautiful fabric; this was called *tandal*.

The next kind of silk manufactured in France, and from thence imported by us, was styled *Tarsien*, a sort of silk which, I am inclined to believe, resembled the damasks worn by our grandmothers; it was woven in different devices, and of all colours, and consequently afforded much variety.

When sarcenet was first introduced, it was worn only as a lining for the rich garments of heavy silk, which both sexes then wore on gala days, which were then few and far between; for the fair dames of those days seldom ventured from their turretted castles into public; indeed their only opportunities of displaying their charms were, when they appeared at church, or at the tournament. How different from the existence of a modern *belle*, to whom, not only every day, but every hour of the day, presents occasion to exhibit her beauty and her taste.

But the love of finery and of novelty was not less prevalent in those secluded charmers, than in their lovely descendants; for in a short time after the introduction of sarcenet, we find a slighter silk in use for the same purpose; it was appropriated exclusively to the toilette of the fair sex, and was called *taffety*.

I find from a French historian, who speaks with much displeasure of the expensive raiment of the great, that velvet and satin were not known in France, till towards the end of the twelfth century. They must have been speedily imported here, for we are told, as a proof of the great riches of a certain nobleman, that, soon after the beginning of the thirteenth century, he bestowed upon his daughter, on her nuptials, a robe and mantle both made of velvet. What would the possessor of those valuable treasures have thought, if she could have lifted the veil of futurity, and seen this material so precious in her time, worn in ours even by the lowest of the vulgar.

We find that there was a great variety of figured silks

worn in the twelfth century, some of light, others of heavy texture; many of these were enriched by a mixture of gold thread with the silk; others, formed of silk only, were decorated with little tufts, which hung pendant from the surface.

But the most beautiful material, for which we are indebted to the French, and they to the Eastern nations, was that exquisitely rich transparent stuff of which we have formerly spoken, it was called *gauze*, a name which it retains to this day; though I suspect, from the anecdote which I am about to relate, that our ancestors possessed the art of manufacturing it in much greater perfection than we do.

An English knight, who had been for a considerable time absent from home, was way-laid upon his return through the treachery of a brother, and left for dead upon the road-side. When he recovered his senses, the first thing he beheld was a female of extraordinary beauty, attired, as he supposed, in a robe of light, which descended from her head, and fell in graceful folds around her lovely form. This charming apparition was binding up his wounds, while she regarded him with looks of the tenderest pity.

The knight, who was not less religious than brave, imagined that heaven had sent an angel to his assistance, and, in a transport of pious gratitude, began to thank the fair celestial, who quickly undeceived him, by letting him know that she was of mortal mould, and the daughter of one of his near relations; her father was then absent from his castle; but some of the domestics having discovered the wounded stranger, and brought him into the mansion, at the desire of their youthful mistress, she herself performed the rites of hospitality by administering to his relief in person.

From the knight's mistake, we may conceive how extremely splendid this transparent material was; its price was so high, that only ladies of the first quality were able to purchase it.

The finest linen worn in those days was called *lacque*;

its texture resembled cambric, and it was appropriated to the use of the fair sex.

So long ago as the thirteenth century, the stuff which we now call bombazeen, was in use both in France and England for mourning; as was also a fine woollen cloth of a slight texture. I must observe, that mourning was of two kinds; that worn for relations, and that used as a penance for transgressions. The latter was invariably hair-cloth; and neither rank nor beauty could, in these days, save a fair penitent from being arrayed in it. Nay, such was the custom of the times, that not only the outward garment, but even the chemise, was composed of this harsh substance. Nor did the austere clergy of that age scruple to inflict this severe punishment for faults which we moderns would call very venial.

In the winter, furs were generally used to line the ladies mantles, and also to border their robes. I find also that their sandals were frequently composed of rich furs.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century, there seems to have been a kind of mania among the people of England for dress. History tells us that laws were made to restrain the wearing of certain expensive articles of apparel, such as silks, velvets, and furs; the use of which was allowed only to the nobility; and some stuffs of a less expensive nature were partially prohibited to the middling and lower classes.

During a considerable time, the *corsage* I have already described, continued to be worn; however, in the fourteenth century, it went out of fashion; the gown was made to fit the shape, or rather, I should say, to fit the stays, which surely, of all the preposterous contrivances that ever was invented to incarcerate the exquisite proportions of the female form, within a fortress of whalebone and buckram, was the vilest.

Let my lovely reader figure to herself this coat of mail, which so far from yielding to the shape, was so inflexible, as if it had been composed of iron; it reached from the bottom of the waist to the chin, so as completely to con-



ceal the form of the neck and bosom. We are rather in the dark as to what materials were generally employed for stays, but, in some instances, we find that ladies of high rank, had them covered with fine cloth, which was richly embroidered in gold, silver, and silks.

I particularly beg of my fair readers to notice this fact, as it may, perchance, be a means of silencing those *growlers*, whose favourite topic is the extravagance of modern fair ones. A fashionable *belle* may triumphantly enquire, When did any one hear of the Circassian corsets, the *corsets des grâces*, or the stays *à la Diane*, being formed of such expensive materials? I am bound, however, by my scrupulous regard for historic truth, to confess that these magnificent stays frequently descended from mother to daughter, which certainly is a proof that they were reserved only for gala days.

It was about the same period, that the hoop-petticoat, or, as it was then called, the farthingale, first became fashionable. Its original form must have been pyramidical, for it projected but little at each hip, swelling out gradually till it reached the bottom, where its circumference was very great. The richest silk, and even velvet, was employed to cover the farthingale, which was guarded, that is to say, embroidered in silver or gold at the bottom. This embroidery was diversified by gold and silver tags, which were mixed with it; nay, some *élégantes* were extravagant enough to have it interspersed with jewels.

The gown, which was then called a *kirtle*, was made, as I have already said, close to the body, of a material sometimes similar to the petticoat, sometimes different, but always exceedingly rich; insomuch, that from the quantity of gold, silver, and silk, which it contained, it might be said, to use a common, but significant phrase, to stand on end. The sleeves were made loose; they descended just below the elbow, and were confined in different places with bands, or, as they were then called, *bandelets*, of gold or jewels. A *coverchief*, the term used

in these times for neckkerchief, of fine lawn, richly embroidered, was an indispensable appendage to full dress; and in summer, the sandal was made of silk, and laced with gold.

But what shall we say to the head-dresses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which, if grave historians may be trusted, were so preposterous in appearance, and so extravagant in price, as to call forth the serious animadversions of the clergy; whose remonstrances on the subject seem, however, to have availed very little, since we find that the fashion which they preached against, continued, with little intermission, for a century and a half.

There is, indeed, one instance upon record in which these head-dresses were turned to good account. It happened about the middle of the fourteenth century, that the people of England were distressed by an unproductive harvest, and, in addition to this misfortune, the inhabitants of one county were heavily visited by sickness. A monk, with a zeal worthy of the primitive times, went through the county visiting and comforting the sick, whom his own poverty did not admit of his relieving.

It appears, that, even in that season of affliction, the love of finery did not lie dormant in the female bosom; for the ladies' heads were dressed as preposterously as ever. The holy father was shocked at the waste, both of time and money, which might be so much better employed. He preached publicly against the fashion; he reprobated its absurdity, which he placed in the most striking point of view, and described, with so much moving eloquence, the misery that might be relieved with the money thus squandered away, that his female auditors, in a transport of mingled compassion and contrition, immediately divested their head-dresses of their costly ornaments, and sold them for the benefit of the poor.

*(To be continued.)*

ALFRED;  
AN HISTORICAL TALE.

(Continued from page 271.)

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GOLD is the standard by which the great ones of the earth estimate every thing, virtue, courage, talents. Gozon said to the son of Ethelred, I would give a thousand pieces of gold to have thee for my slave.—I should no longer sing of heroes. Slavery vitiates the character; and such a man would enervate the natural courage of his prince by languishing songs; free and haughty man can alone inspire generous sentiments. Were I known to you, sire, you would comprehend, that a thousand pieces of gold could not be put in competition with my liberty.—Men of your condition are accustomed to think very highly of themselves.—They are, my lord.—When you speak, you seem to believe that you will be listened to, as if you were singing. Take your harp; I will sing; and we will repeat together the inspirations of love.

Observe the extent of a bard's address, cried the Danish prince, looking at Alfred with admiration. Would not one say, that all he sings comes from the heart; that he sometimes sighs a lover; and sometimes triumphs a warrior? Arthus was most painfully embarrassed at this conversation. A second time treacherous, he trembled, lest Alfred by his boldness should discover all, and drag him with him in his ruin. Indecisive in his repentance, as he had been in his criminality, he was sometimes about to discover the hero; but when their eyes met, he was checked by a more powerful fear. Thus at first hesitates the timid hind, when, laid upon the accustomed shore, she hears the distant cry of an eager pack: she rises trembling; and her first thought is to place the river between herself and

enemies; she advances; and is going to throw herself in; but suddenly perceives the sombre depth of the water, and the danger she has in view outweighs that which she fears.

Yet Alfred dared not fix his eyes on her whom he loved; and came through infinite danger to seek. How speak a word of love, a single word to her, in the presence of so many witnesses, and of a rival, master of the fate of both? How determine to quit her without having opened his heart? At this moment an officer enters to receive the commands of his prince; Gozon sees him; and walks to the entrance of the tent. The princess draws near the hero; and says, Dear Minstrel, I would learn to sing like you, by uniting my voice to the sweet harmony of a harp.—You will both be ruined, interrupts Arthus, who immediately removes for fear of appearing in concert with the king, should the strangers happen to know him. Alsaithe hastily resumes. The tower that you saw at the foot of the hill is my prison; if unobserved, come to night under its walls. The last word crimsones her cheek with blushes; her modesty suffers when she is obliged to choose a mysterious hour and the veil of the guilty for an innocent conversation.

Gozon returns, and sits on the throne at the bottom of the tent: he requests another song from the prince. Alfred had never sung so much in his life. He however surpassed himself this time, wishing to leave a favourable impression on the stranger's mind. Arthus at last, by the orders of the Dane, conducted the hero from his presence. Alone, in their tent, they remained some time in silence, still astonished at what had just happened. The unfaithful servant was going to embrace his master's knees, and ask pardon for his treachery, when the king, who was uneasy at seeing him in so much confusion, offered his hand, and said, I little expected to find you with the Danish prince: if I could have believed, that you had been occupied in rendering me so great a service in the midst of this army, I should not have exposed myself to the danger of appearing



here; I should have expected that you would come to give me an account of the enemy's forces. Arthus, they shall never see their native shores. Their corpses shall manure our fields. A number of faithful and intrepid soldiers have ranged themselves under my standard. If my secret is kept, a single battle will terminate the war; and if I am betrayed, my triumph will only be retarded.—Arthus, brought back to the prince's party by fear, and as if enchained by the silence that he had till then preserved, heard with pleasure the hope of so prompt a success. He also felt some desire to return to the path of honour, a desire that men without principle sometimes feel, when honour is connected with interest.

No longer in fear of the courtier, the king asked him to conduct him to Aksaïthe's tower. They leave their tent, they listen, and look round them. Nothing is heard, save the noise of the band-rolls that a breeze of wind furls and unfurls alternately; nothing animate strikes the eye or ear. They creep behind the tents; the light of the moon enables them to avoid the ropes stretched out at every step to sustain the trembling cloth round a mast placed perpendicularly in the earth. Nothing opposes their progress.

In the mean time, the daughter of Ethelwolf had withdrawn to her prison, but the image of Alfred haunted her, and no other object could divert her thoughts. Remain, said she, to one of her attendants who had nursed her infancy, remain, dear Elgonda; I expect Alfred. I never speak of him to any one but you; you love him; you have not been seduced by perfidious foreigners: how unworthy are the women who betray their country for them! As for me, I vow an eternal hatred to them; and if the war should deprive me of the hero that I love, his remembrance shall serve me instead of a husband.—Dissipate these sad presentiments. The presence of the king, his daring boldness, the security of his enemies, all give us reason to hope.—Ah! how much we have been deceived by the hopes that flattered us when he came to my father's court. At that time, his fame was all I knew of him; but

my heart flew to the bonds that now enchain it; it waited to love such a hero as he is. Enchanting, cruel remembrance! I was seated by you in the tower of the palace, amidst the Mercian ladies; I was as agitated as if I had been going to behold a beloved object once again; as confused, as if every look had penetrated the inmost recesses of my soul; and felt that this moment was about to complete my destiny. Suddenly the trumpet sounds, the people are agitated. At the opening of the lists, I saw Alfred upon a superb palfrey. He was covered with brilliant arms, and followed by ten young cavaliers. Who will dare to dispute the prize with him? said I. Every heart had given it to him before he obtained it by his address. The prize seemed to me a trifle to reward such vast courage; but it became a magnificent offering in my eyes, when, with his victorious hands, he laid it before me. I thought myself a partner in his glory, and my pride equalled my love.—She had no sooner said these words, than she heard a noise, as if the branches of the tall poplar, which rose before the bars of the tower, were strongly agitated. She goes to the window; a beloved voice is blended with the murmur of the leaves.—Alsaithe! I am here! Come, ah! come! This soft light will be sufficient to enable me to distinguish your features!—Dear Alfred! my hero, my only support, how happy I am, after so much anxiety, after so cruel an absence, once more to see you! I have been ever apprehensive for your safety. But what do you hope to do? and why do you expose yourself to so much danger?—To see, and deliver you; to save England. My soldiers are ready. I wished to know the strength of the enemy. In a few days, I shall fight them. I shall be with you. I will watch over your life; you shall be taken from me no more; you shall see me expire at your feet, or recover the crown that I burn to offer you.—The name of your wife will be dearer, and more glorious to me than the title of queen.—Sweet language, of which I have not a doubt! You have preserved your fidelity to me in my misfortunes, to a king fallen from his throne, and

lately abandoned by his subjects. When followed by the remainder of my army, I disputed with my enemies the victory which has so constantly fled from me since the battle at Wilton; and pursued from forest to forest, overcome with fatigue, sorrow, repentance, and humiliation, I was going to ask for bread in those towns, where but a few days before I dictated laws; yet in the midst of all these reverses, I said to myself, Her heart remains to me; and I felt reanimated by so sweet a hope.—The times alone are changed; you are always Alfred; and I am neither less proud, nor less happy at being loved by you. May you experience what I feel; your vexations would be effaced.—The accents of your voice alone have relieved my soul from the weight of my misfortunes,—Alas! how much have you still to endure! What labours and dangers to go through! and you will never find, never seek any tender consolation. In the midst of the forest, as well as in a cottage, in the garb of a shepherd, as well as in that of a soldier, in flight, in distress, you must always show the front of a king; and ready to sink under misfortunes, you must raise the courage of your drooping friends. Ah! in those sad moments, what pleasure should I take in being by my hero; receiving in secret his complaints, till then stifled by an effort of courage, and pouring a consoling balm into his wounds and troubles.—At these words, Alfred, transported with gratitude and love, at first could only answer her with tears. He rushes forward, and bending the flexible tree to his motions, he seizes the hand that Alsaithe presented. An innocent, and pure embrace, but so full of enchantment, that love seemed to wish to recompence them, in one moment, for all the evils with which they had been afflicted. They remain some time speechless, motionless, not a sigh escaped them, delivered to the fullness of their joy.

Aurora began to trace upon the mountains a silver furrow. Murmurs and light once more penetrated the silence and dark shades of night. Arthus cries, in an under tone, You must separate!—Alfred still defers going away; but



at last he slips down to the ground, and follows the Saxon to his tent.

In a few moments after, he went out again, and surveyed the inclosure of the camp. It was the hour in which sleep by a last effort makes the eye-lids of those heavy who have flown from her power. The hero every where found the sentinels asleep. He no longer saw those troops of soldiers, who go from post to post every hour in the night to reanimate the vigilance of their companions, and who preserve the discipline within, and the safety of the army without. He went no more rounds. Victory had lulled the Danes into a false security.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### LAPLAND WEDDING.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without her parents' or friends' consent; wherefore if one bears affection to a young maid, upon the breaking thereof to her friends, the fashion is, that a day is appointed for their friends to meet, to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid overrun her suitor, the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin hath an affection for him, though at first running hard to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, to make a voluntary halt before she cometh to the mark, or end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the cause, that in this poor country the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness.



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**NOTICE OF NEW WORKS.**

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**OAKWOOD HALL**, *a Novel, in 3 vols. 8vo. by CATHERINE HUTTON.* Longman and Co.

THIS is a very pleasing work, written in a series of letters: the story is a domestic one; the characters are so naturally drawn, and introduced to you in so familiar a manner, that you almost imagine yourself one of the party, and are interested in whatever concerns them: they have each some distinguishing trait; and their whimsical peculiarities are as amusing as the incidents that draw forth their sentiments. The misery of sacrificing one's self in marriage for the sake of wealth is strikingly exhibited in two instances; and the happiness resulting from a well consorted marriage, founded on love and esteem, independent of all interested motives, is well and ably exemplified in the loves of Millichamp and Margaret, and heightened by the obstacles thrown in the way of their union. It contains many sensible remarks; and much information that is applicable to the business of life. There are some historical sketches interspersed; and a well-written description of several towns in the North of England, the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and a part of South Wales. The author writes in a good style; and devotes her labours to a useful purpose, the improvement of the mind and morals of her readers. The following extract is a fair specimen of the information to be derived from the work, and will serve to assist the judgment of our Readers in the choice of a most dangerous class of books, when indiscriminately read, we mean Novels.

**ON THE CHOICE OF NOVELS.**

"I have often remarked the number of novels in Mrs. Oakwood's library; and the other day, meeting her acciden-

tally there, I expressed my surprise, and told her I had always imagined that novels were calculated for a circulating library, and not for that of a woman of sense and general reading.

" 'My dear Margaret,' said she, 'men may pretend to despise novels, and you may judge of them without having read them; but, in this world of many sorrows, I hold it good to be amused, and I pity the man or woman whom they will not amuse. Novels,' continued she, 'when well written, are, like comedies, pictures of manners; and in addition to this, some of them are pictures of places. Who that has read the Arabian Tales, but has a perfect idea of Bagdat, and the manners and customs of the east? Who that has read Hau Kiou Choan is not thoroughly acquainted with the domestic habits of the Chinese? And Emily Montague and Hartley House, give us a knowledge of Canada and India, beyond the most elaborate descriptions. The day is so bad that we can neither of us go out; I will take a book, and read here; do you the same; take down a novel, and be convinced of your error.'

" 'By chance, I took the Castle of Otranto; and having read for an hour, 'Surely,' said I, 'this heap of wild impossibilities is not deserving your general recommendation of novels!'

" ' 'Horace Walpole,' said Mrs. Oakwood, 'threw away talents on the Castle of Otranto, which might have been much better employed. He made castles and spectres the romance of the day; and has to answer for the sins of a multitude of followers, who have ransacked their imaginations for all that is terrific in and out of nature.'

" 'I then took down the History of Indiana Danby; but stopped at the words, 'Charming man!' 'Adorable Indiana!' 'Angelic sweetness!' 'I am afraid I shall remain a heretic still,' said I. 'How came this to find a place in your collection?'

" ' 'Indiana Danby!' my dear,' said Mrs. Oakwood, 'is a novel of the middle ages. The shining light of the ancients, such as Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and perhaps Mrs.

Haywood, was set; and that of the moderns, such as Dr. Moore, Holcroft, Godwin, Miss Burney, and Miss Edgeworth, not yet risen. You have there a sentimental heroine, copied from Clarissa and Harriet Byron; and a sprightly character, a pale-faced imitation of Miss Howe and Miss Grandison; but they are both obliged to describe themselves, like the famous painter, who wrote underneath his bird, *This is a Cock*; or you would not perceive the loveliness of the one, or the wit of the other. Yet,' continued Mrs. Oakwood, 'I read such trash with pleasure at ten or twelve years of age; and, despicable as it is, I believe it contributed to give an easy epistolary style to myself and my companions in the neighbouring villages, who corresponded with each other daily, and generally were the bearers of our own letters. My style, indeed, was thought so extraordinary, that I was publicly accused by my correspondents, of having copied a part of my epistles from Lady Catesby's Letters; a book which, fortunately, I never saw. But I have run away from your question. Indiana Danby has long been dead. Probably this is the only memorial of her now existing. I met with it by chance, and bought it to see what alteration forty years had made in my opinion of books. I find my former notions, with respect to Indiana Danby, quite obsolete.'

" 'You like the novels of Holcroft and Godwin, then?' said I.

" 'I am greatly indebted to both those gentlemen,' replied Mrs. Oakwood. 'for the entertainment they have afforded me. I think Caleb Williams an extraordinary performance, in exciting an interest, almost to agony, without the intervention of almighty love; and Hugh Trevor deserves a place by the side of Roderick Random, if not of Gil Blas.'

" 'I have read Smollett's novels,' said I, 'and I think Roderick Random the best of them.'

" 'That is a point I never could determine,' said Mrs. Oakwood. 'My preference hovers between that, which was his first, and Humphrey Clinker, which was his last

novel. They are both excellent; and they are more interesting when we view him, in both, the hero of his own tale. He is the youthful Roderick, thrown upon the world, without a protector or guide; struggling with difficulties, and rising superior to them by his ardent spirit: and he is the valetudinarian Matthew Bramble, whose jaundiced eye, as Sterne expresses it, sees every thing yellow: though Sterne might have excepted Edinburgh, where he turns the grossest filth to white. Still he could paint his own foibles admirably, and shew them to the world. I think I do not know a book in which character is so nicely discriminated, or so uniformly kept up, as in Humphrey Clinker. Each person is made to view the same event in a light exactly suited to his age, temper, and situation, and each speaks of it in a manner which would not suit any other.'

" 'I have read *Evelina*,' said I, 'and I think, among the moderns, as you call them, character has been very well drawn by Miss Burney.'

" 'Every young woman of feeling,' replied Mrs. Oakwood, 'will bear testimony to the propriety of Miss Burney's *Evelina*; and her Sir Clement Willoughby, her Brangtons, her Madame Duval, and her Captain Mirvan, are excellent; if, indeed, any captain in the navy were ever so illiterate and vulgar. The characters in her *Cecilia* are scarcely inferior. Her Delvilles and her Harrels; her Larolles, Meadows, and Morris; her Hobson and Simkins, are well supported. Her Briggs is truly humorous; but I have the same objection to him as to Captain Mirvan; his manners are too low for his station. There is a calm, quiet dignity in the character of the heroine, which pleases me much. She now and then falls into a trifling mistake of conduct, incompatible with her penetration and firmness; but perhaps her history could not have been extended to five volumes without. The wild character of Albany pleases me not at all. I believe he could not have existed; and, if it were possible, that he could not have been admitted into such company. But upon the whole,



the author shews great knowledge of the human mind, and great dexterity in the plot.'

" 'I think Miss Burney wrote another novel; did not she?' demanded I.

" 'She did, my dear,' said Mrs. Oakwood, 'and I have read it; but it made so little impression on me, that I acknowledge I have forgotten the name.'

" 'Now we are talking of female novel writers,' said I, 'do me the favour to tell me what you think of Miss Owenson.'

" 'I have read only her *Wild Irish Girl*,' replied Mrs. Oakwood; 'and I like her description of the manners of her countrymen, and her appeals to the justice and humanity of the English, in their favour; but I think her narrative too barren of incident, till towards the conclusion; and then it is destitute of probability. But her language—In what part of her own vocabulary can I do justice to her language? Her rage for words is unappeasable. After exhausting the English tongue, she coins new words; and, still unsatisfied, she quotes Latin, French, and Italian. In a book of 261 pages, with twenty-three lines in each, there are 2591 epithets; many of which are compound, such as *intuitively-elegant*, *impressively-touching*, and *druidically-venerable*. When I tell you, that she talks of the *sylphid elegance of spherul beauty being united to the symmetrical contour which constitutes the luxury of human loveliness*, I think I need say no more.

" 'But it is easier to be severe on the faults of authors, my dear Margaret,' continued Mrs. Oakwood, 'than to attain their excellencies. "If to do were as easy as to say what were good to do, houses had been churches, and poor men's cottages, prince's palaces;" or something very like it; for I do not exactly remember the words, or which of Shakspeare's characters it is that speaks them.'"

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Just published, *THE EXHIBITION*, a Poem, by a Painter. Published May 10th, GOGMAGOG-HALL, or, The Philosophical Lord and the Governess, a satirical Novel, price 21s. by the author of *Prodigious!* or, Childe Paddie in London.

## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR MAY, 1819.

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THE Report of the Secret Committee on the Affairs of the Bank, to which we adverted in our last, was brought before the House on the 6th inst. The first part shews the stability of the Bank to be founded in its securities; and the second, that cash-payments cannot be resumed in July; but the third part of the Report, which most materially concerns the public, we shall briefly notice: it recommends that no sudden issue of coin be made, till the Market-price of gold be reduced to the Mint-price; and proposes to fix three years from the present time for the resumption of Cash-payments. The chief defect of this plan is in making the present Market-price of gold the future standard of the issues in February next; when it is evident, that the increased demand for bullion must increase the price, and consequently decrease the value of the Bank paper in the same proportion. The Bank thought it injurious and impracticable; and the Directors have since published an Appendix to the Report, in answer to the enquiries of the House, When the restriction on cash-payments may be discontinued; and What assistance can be given by a legal enactment for facilitating the resumption. To the first question, the Directors deliberately express their sentiments, but decline giving any precise answer. To the second question, they say, they are not aware, that any legislative enactments could be of service; but deem it highly desirable, that, prior to the removal of the restriction, "the government debt to the Bank should be gradually reduced to the extent of £10,000,000." These answers are preceded by a variety of resolutions; the substance of the two principal is, that,

If they are speedily compelled to resume cash-payments, they shall be obliged to reduce their discounts so much, as may endanger the public welfare. That they had begun to make arrangements for the resumption of cash-payments in 1816 and 1817, but were prevented by the large loan of one or two individuals for the accommodation of the French government.

The Resolutions proposed and agreed to, in the House of Lords, in conformity to the Report of the Committee, on the 20th and 21st inst. appoint May, 1823, for the Bank to resume its payments in Cash. The same Resolutions were proposed on the 21st. and agreed to on the 24th inst. in the House of Commons, with an additional clause, that, with a view to enable the Bank Directors to controul their issues, government shall repay to them a part of the public debt, amounting to £10,000,000.

These measures have excited a strong sensation in the city; they are said to be not approved by the Bank Directors; though Parliament certainly paid some deference to their opinions; and the Bank and government are unfortunately at variance. Several meetings of Merchants, Bankers, and Traders, have been held to petition Parliament against the measures adopted; at which meetings, the majorities were decidedly against petitioning, and strongly in favour of the Government Reports being acted upon by the resumption of cash-payments. Since the vote of the House has been known on the Exchange, Stocks have fallen to 65½. Policies were opened at the Stock Exchange on Thursday the 20th inst. to receive twenty guineas on condition of returning one hundred, should Consols be done at 63 within twelve months from the present time.

Notwithstanding the flattering accounts which have been given of the state of the country, the resolutions of the Bank Directors acknowledge, that the exchanges are not in our favour; for "whatever the balance of trade may be, the balance of payment is greatly against the country." The Report has disclosed the actual state of affairs; had any thing been wanted to stimulate parliament, these dis-

closures are sufficient; for the country cannot be in more danger. The Bank hold government securities to a large amount; and they are fully competent to meet the public demand upon them, whenever government shall have discharged its debt. What is the result of this examination? why, that, unless the taxes are greatly reduced, the Bank will not be able to resume its cash payments at the time appointed, without incurring a severe loss, or suffering its own notes to be depreciated.

Two most important questions have been brought before parliament, one by Earl Donoughmore, to remove the disabilities of the Catholics; the other by Mr. Tierney, on The State of the Nation, which were unfortunately both negatived.

The infamous system of the internal government of the Scotch Royal Burgh, has, however, received a death-blow by the vote of the House of Commons on Thursday night the 6th inst.

The Law of Settlement, brought forward by Mr. Sturges Bourne, is likely to encounter a strenuous opposition; numerous petitions have been already presented against it; and more are preparing for presentation.

The foreign news is unimportant, the coronation of the king of France is fixed for the 25th August, the anniversary of his Majesty's birth.

There is a dispute between Sweden and Norway, on account of a debt contracted by the former, not having been paid; and it is said, it is to be referred to this country.

#### THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN SLAVE.

The Persian Ambassador, Mirza Abul Hassan Khan, and suite, arrived in town from France on Tuesday evening the 27th ult. He has in his train, a fair Circassian slave, whose person is guarded with more than eastern jealousy. The incognita occupies the inner drawing-room of the residence, the door of which is constantly guarded by two black eunuchs, who have sabres by their sides. They are her only attendants, being appointed to dress and undress her.



On Friday the 6th inst. Lady Mary Lonsdale, of Charles-street, and Mrs. Anderson, had an interview for some time with the Fair Circassian, in the drawing-room of the Ambassador's house, by his permission. They found her particularly affable and communicative; her person is remarkably slim, of low stature, rather swarthy, but her features are very handsome. She constantly sits in the front-room, and generally wears a scarlet dress, the shadow of which may be seen through the blinds, which are so placed, that she can see what passes in the street, and not be seen herself. On May-day, when the chimney-sweepers were dancing before the house, she threw back the curtain, and was plainly observed by a number of spectators. It was intended to have instituted a process to enquire the right of an ambassador to deprive a mistress of her freedom in this country; but it has been abandoned.

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## THE DRAMA.

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### DRURY-LANE.

A NEW comedy, in five acts, was brought out on Monday evening the 4th inst. at this theatre, called, *Wanted a Wife, or, A Cheque on my Banker*. This play partakes too much of the properties of farce both in the characters and in the incidents, but the plot is contrived with great ingenuity; and though the series of blunders, of which it is composed, have little nature, or probability, to support them, they are so dexterously interwoven, and succeed each other with so much rapidity, that attention and expectation are perpetually excited. This compensates for many faults. It is ascribed to Mr. Moncrieff; and is said to be his first essay in comedy. It was favourably received; and is likely to live longer than many ephemera of the day.

A new melo-drame, in two acts, called *The Jew of Lubbeck, or, The Heart of a Father*, was brought out on Tues-

day the 11th inst. The piece, as a drama, is below criticism. The first act is the best; the second act was intolerable; and much disapprobation was expressed in many parts, but Mr. Rae sustained the character allotted him so well, that in the end he saved the piece, and the curtain fell amidst a general applause.

On Thursday, the 13th inst. a new tragedy, called *The Carib Chief*, by Mr. Horace Twiss, was produced at this theatre. Our limits prevent our saying more than that it was well received, and continues to be acted.

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#### COVENT-GARDEN.

A NEW farce, called *A Roland for an Oliver*, was produced on Thursday evening the 27th ult. The dialogue is passable; and there are a few pleasing songs and chorusses. The reception was unequivocal; and the farce is likely to be a favourite.

On Thursday the 15th inst. a Mrs. Collier, of the Birmingham theatre, made her first appearance in the character of Mrs. Heidelberg, in the *Clandestine Marriage*, and was received with every mark of approbation.

The new tragedy of *Fredolpho*, by Mr. Maturin, the author of *Bertram*, and a clergyman, produced on Wednesday the 12th inst. totally failed on the first night; and is since withdrawn from the stage. The play was obviously founded on false notions of dramatic effect; and a distorted view of human nature. The incidents are as improbable as the characters and sentiments are unnatural; and the catastrophe is worthy of the whole. The rejection of the play was most explicitly and distinctly marked. The story, such as it is, is well wrought; in many parts, it is adorned with splendid poetry, but it wants interest.

A new melo-drama, called *Swedish Patriotism*, or *The Signal Fire*, was produced on Wednesday the 19th inst. It is an indifferent piece, but was announced for repetition with a considerable predominance of applause.

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*Fashionable Evening & Walking Dresses for June, 1869.*

*Pub. June 1, 1869 by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.*



THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JUNE, 1819.

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EVENING DRESS.

A TRANSPARENT gauze frock over a white satin slip; the skirt of the frock is trimmed round the bottom with a deep flounce of vandyked blond; bows of net, edged with satin, are placed at regular distances at the top of the flounce; and it is surmounted by two rouleaus of white satin, laid on at a little distance from each other. The *corsage* is composed of satin; it is tight to the shape; cut low round the bust, and ornamented with a full *ruche* of blond, which is interspersed with bows; they are composed of net and satin to correspond. The sleeve is full, and is ornamented in a similar manner; it is confined at the bottom by a *ruche* of blond; in the middle of which is a narrow satin rouleau. The head-dress is a turban, composed of transparent gauze; the gauze is disposed in high full puffs in the centre of the turban, and it is ornamented with a bouquet of wild roses. The turban is brought low over the forehead, which is left nearly bare, a few ringlets only being brought very low on the temples. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

WALKING DRESS.

A JACONAUT muslin robe and petticoat; the latter is trimmed with three flounces, disposed in the French style, in large plaits. The robe is rounded at the bottom of the skirt, and is trimmed all round with muslin *bouilloné*; the body is a *chemisette*; it has considerable fullness at the

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bottom of the waist, but very little at top ; there is a high standing collar, composed of muslin *bouillonné*. Long sleeves, finished at the bottom to correspond. Spenser composed of lavender coloured *gros de Naples*; it is made tight to the shape, with a high standing collar, and just meets in front so as partially to display the robe. The spenser is ornamented with epaulettes and cuffs, composed of net and satin. Morning *cornette*, composed of white net, made a moderate height, and ornamented with a fullness of the same material round the top of the caul, and a small lilac wreath in front of the border, which is a full quilling of tulle ; the ears are small, and fasten under the chin. The bonnet is composed of lavender coloured *gros de Naples* and white satin ; it is a large French shape. Gloves and shoes to correspond. We were furnished with these dresses by Mrs. Smith, of Old Burlington-street.

A *marchande des modes*, in Bond-street, to whom we are often obliged for the sight of novel and elegant dresses, has just done us the favour to submit to our inspection a carriage pelisse, and a morning dress, which we hasten to describe to our fair readers. The first is composed of peach-blossom sarsnet, covered with clear muslin, which is worked in large leaves, the middle of each leaf is composed of Mecklin net ; the back is full ; the fronts are tight to the shape ; and the waist rather long ; at each side of the back is a cluster of small plaits, tucked the reverse way. The trimming goes all round ; it consists of a fullness of clear muslin formed into puffs by straps of peach-blossom satin ; these straps are half a quarter in length, and more than a nail in breadth at the edge of the pelisse ; but they taper almost to a point at the end, and being put on in a slanting manner, have a novel appearance ; each strap is edged with very narrow lace, and is fastened by a pretty little ornament, composed of peach-blossom floss silk. This trimming forms the collar, and the cuffs are ornamented to correspond. The long sleeve is very loose, and is surmounted by a puffing of muslin on the shoulder ; there are

three puffs, and between each is an ornament to correspond with those on the straps, but larger.

The morning dress is a round gown, composed of jaconaut muslin; the bottom of the skirt is finished by a fullness of muslin, cased in waves; there are three casings to each wave, and between each of the waves is an embroidery of a bunch of leaves. The body is made high, but without a collar, and in a style perfectly different to any that has yet appeared; the back, which is of the usual breadth, is plain in the middle for about an inch and a half in breadth, the remaining part is full, but the fulness is confined by byas gagings placed crosswise; there are six on each side; the fronts are loose. A small peaked pelerine is fastened to the middle of the back, and comes as far as the shoulder in front; this pelerine has long ends, which are left pendant from each shoulder; they cross in the middle of the bust, and then tie behind at the bottom of the waist. Long, loose sleeve, finished, but upon a smaller scale, to correspond with the bottom of the skirt. A very full ruff, composed of either lace or work, supplies in part the place of a collar; but the dress is made sufficiently low to display a part of the throat.

Waists have lately lengthened very much, and seem likely to do so. White dresses worn with silk spencers continue in the greatest estimation for promenade dress; but high dresses, composed of *gros de Naples*, plain and figured sarsnet, and poplin, are also in request. There is no alteration in head-dresses. Transparent bonnets begin to be seen in carriage costume; they are always adorned with flowers. White satin spencers, trimmed with either real or blond lace, are much in favour in carriage dress, as are also China crape scarfs. Nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful than the rich embroidery which adorns the ends of these latter. Fashionable colours are pale blush, lavender colour, the palest fawn colour, green, straw colour, and blue.

## COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

WHITE dresses are now universally adopted for the promenade; they are always made high, and worn without any other covering than a pelerine of the same material; these dresses are made tight to the shape, considerably longer than usual in the waist, and with long loose sleeves; they are trimmed either with muslin *rouleaux*, between which are rows of soft muslin *bouillonné*, or else a profusion of little narrow flounces; this last, though only a revived fashion, is at present most in favour.

*Chapeaux*, or more properly bonnets, for hats are not at present considered fashionable, are worn very large in the brim, and with small low crowns. Leghorn is in very great favour, as is also white and yellow straw. Gauzes of various descriptions, plain, spotted, striped, and chequered, are likewise worn for bonnets, and crape is in much favour. Of all these materials, Leghorn is the only one which is worn without any trimming on the brim, all the others have either a *ruche* of riband, or gauze, or a *bouillonné* of the latter, or a puffing of gauze, divided by broad plait of riband between each puff. All bonnets are adorned with flowers, which are worn in bouquets, or wreaths, roses, lilies, jasmines, laburnam, mignonette, and a variety of other flowers, are fashionable, but roses are more in favour than any of the others.

Full dresses are made of gauze over white satin; they are cut very low round the bust, and are trimmed either with *rouleaux* of white satin, blond, or white satin *coquings*; they are in general gored, and the skirts moderately full. Short sleeves are most prevalent; but they are of a very decorous length, as they come nearly half way down the arm. Fashionable colours are rose colour, pea-green, lilac, straw colour, and *panceau*; this last is a winter colour, but it is now fashionable.



THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



## PALINODIA.

TAKE hence the bowl thine hands bestow'd  
When pure the tide of rapture flow'd!  
Take hence the bowl! I would not drain  
It's rich and nectar'd juice again;  
For though the brim in joy be dy'd,  
The lees of sorrow lurk beside;  
And sad and feverish is the dream  
Of him who quaffs the treach'rous stream.

Oh! hide the cheek which cannot show  
The rose's pure and morning glow.  
Say not its tinge is still the same,  
The tear is guilt, the blush is shame!  
I thought that simple riband press'd  
A simpler heart, and softer breast;  
But bind the zone! I would not see  
A bosom that is dead to me;  
I cannot think the lily fair  
When ev'ry spoiler's hand is there.

Lead not my steps those flowers beside,  
Their bloom is wither'd, gone their pride;  
The noon-day sun his radiance threw,  
And drain'd their sweets, and quaff'd their dew;  
And now their drooping heads betray  
The fervour of his wanton ray.

The myrtle too, which twin'd around  
Our bower, and hid its hallow'd bound,

The myrtle which has seen me lie  
With quivering lip, and tranced eye,  
Hanging enamour'd o'er the cheek  
Where joy and passion lov'd to speak,—  
Where is it now? what star has shed  
Sad influence on its leafless head?  
What blast malign has dar'd invade  
Its dear and consecrated shade?

Away! away! the laurel now  
Must wreath again this aching brow.  
And will it soothe the bosom's heat?  
Pluck rooted Memory from her seat?  
And hush the half unwilling sigh?  
And chase the tear, and close the eye?  
Ah! no, the poppy flower must bind  
That head which once the myrtle twin'd.      ANON.

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### ROSY KATE OF KILLINKERE.

BELOW yon heathy, briary hill,  
Where Nature wears her wildest dress,  
A little straw-roof'd cot adorns  
The bleak and sterile wilderness.  
And there—though Fame and Fortune ne'er  
Have shone upon her humble sphere—  
In ev'ry grace and virtue rich,  
Lives ROSY KATE OF KILLINKERE!

In Tara's halls, when minstrel-harps  
Their tender tones of music gave,  
No nymph with lovelier charms was sung  
To ladies bright and chieftains brave.  
And never a gallant knight of yore  
His goblet brimm'd in blithesome cheer,  
To softer eye, or sweeter lip,  
Than ROSY KATE'S OF KILLINKERE.

Though Envy's palsied hand pretend  
 To weigh her worth with steady skill,  
 Despite its sly, illusive arts,  
 'Twill prove of sterling value still!  
 Love, with his fond, forgiving eye,  
 His partial estimates may fear,  
 But Reason will impress their truth,  
 And homage KATE OF KILLINKERE!

Full many a day of anxious hope,  
 With idle wing hath loiter'd past,—  
 Full many a night of dark dismay  
 Its terrors on my soul hath cast,  
 Since first I saw the beauteous maid,  
 And Passion made my heart revere,—  
 But bliss o'er pays—at morn I wed  
 With ROSY KATE OF KILLINKERE! C. FEIST.

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### SONNET

AFTER A SEVERE FIT OF ILLNESS, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A  
 BIRTH-DAY.

SEASON of flowers and verdure—lovely May!  
 Ah! how should one so hapless and forlorn,  
 Owe to thy smiling time her natal day?  
 Chill'd by misfortune!—say, is it in scorn  
 Of all my faded hopes, that this fair morn,  
 With sunshine radiant, and with verdure gay,  
 Rises, to tell another year hath worn  
 Of my short, painful pilgrimage away?  
 But late I deem'd, by grief and sorrow torn,  
 My soul would quit its tenement of clay,  
 And, on the wings of pitying angel borne,  
 Have soar'd to régions of perpetual May;  
 But ere such peace, such holy rest is given,  
 Afflictions here must fit the soul for Heaven!

Thulé, 4th May, 1818.

ORA

## ON A FLOWER.

YE fair ones, behold me! and think while ye view,  
 The emblem of beauty is spread to your sight;  
 My leaves, variegated with every hue,  
 Are fully display'd, and besprinkled with dew,  
 Like tears in the eye, or stars of the night.  
 I bloom, but how transient, alas! is my stay,  
 The storm beats upon me, I fade and decay,  
 My beauty's destroy'd by a show'r!  
 In the morning I flourish, and gaily am seen,  
 But at ev'ning, alas! in the place where I've been,  
 You search, and you find me no more.

The sun shines upon me, my fragrance is gone,  
 My head on the stem to the earth is reclin'd,  
 To save me from ruin, alas! are there none?  
 No! no! 'tis too late, all my charms are undone,  
 I vanish away to oblivion consign'd.  
 Ye fair ones! too proud of your beauty, beware  
 To value not charms of the visage too dear,  
 Which you'll find are as transient as I!  
 But the charms of the mind cultivate when you can,  
 'Tis *this* that endears you to God and to man,  
 And prepares you for bliss when you die.

April 1st, 1819.

J. W. G——.

## SONNET

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

FIVE days have fled since thou wert born, my child;  
 I see thee nestling to thy mother's breast,  
 I hear thy sigh, as innocent as mild,  
 When thou art dropping into rosy rest.  
 Sweet babe! thou knowest not the name of care;  
 Thy troubles are thy wants; and those supplied,  
 A happy slumber it is thine to share  
 With thy delighted mother, side by side!



How many envy such a state as thine :  
And for repose and peace so sweetly giv'n,  
Would manhood's highest hopes with joy resign,  
And deem such want of thought, an earthly heav'n.  
May God, my child, in all thy life's increase,  
Give thee to wake with joy, to sleep with peace!

J. M. LACEY.

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### STANZAS.

FROM this pityless blast that howls thro' the gloom,  
You are safely secure, my dear babe.  
Ah! different's the lot of thy father, whose home  
This night near thy dwelling has made.

Thy slumber is sweet—for the grave is thy bed,  
And drear is the gloomy abode,  
Yet the breast is more drear where oft your sick head  
Lay languid, as life ebbing flow'd.

Forlorn in the vale, I mark the blue flower  
That mingles with bramble and briar,  
And I gaze on its leaves surcharg'd by the shower,  
While fancies my bosom inspire.

I trace, sadly trace, in the beauteous flower,  
An emblem of thee and of wife,  
And sigh as the blast shakes the drops by its power,  
That robs it of fragrance and life.

*Somer's Town.*

W. S—s.

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### SONNET, WRITTEN IN AFFLICTION.

"THE Poet's name—and laurel-wreath be mine!"  
I said—and threw my hand across the lyre;  
The Graces, smiling, did their chaplet twine,  
But wept to hear the notes die on the wire!

For though my soul did to that Mount\* aspire,  
 And Helicon's dear stream essay to greet,  
 While fam'd Castalian nymphs my Muse inspire,  
 And Tempe's vale invites with blooming sweet!  
 Yet languid is my frame—and from my breast  
 The numbers seem to say—"Farewell the Nine!"  
 Whilst busy mem'ry speaks of that soft rest  
 Where I may soon my weary head recline!  
 Ah! may the smile that beauty's charms first gave  
 Beam like the sun—more sweetly on my grave!

30th September, 1818. HATT.

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### AN ACROSTIC SOLUTION

OF THE ENIGMA CONTAINED IN THE MAGAZINE OF LAST MONTH.

K now ye, that this small, but pleasing toy,  
 A round it spread most general joy,  
 L ost in wonder, young and old did gaze;  
 E agerly bestowing their meed of praise:  
 I ngenious trifle! tho' thrown aside,  
 D ear to the curious, with them reside,  
 O ft shalt thou afford thy pleasing pow'r,  
 S erenely to pass the gliding hour;  
 C alming their minds with thy beauteous rays,  
 O utvieing fancy in thy countless ways,  
 P roudly through the globe you've run your race,  
 E nchanting all with thy e'er changing face.

SPECULATOR.

\* Parnassus.

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### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If the Author of a Sonnet to Lady R\*\*\*\* will trouble himself to correct the first stanza, it shall appear.

The commencement of Uncle John, a tale, in compliance with the Author's wishes, shall be inserted in our next.

Our limits are so confined, and the contents of our work so varied, that we are reluctantly compelled to postpone the insertion of many contributions which have been received a long time; but our Correspondents may rely, when no mention is made of them, they are reserved for the earliest opportunity.

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